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[At the end of the worm]

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[At the end of the worm]

Skin of an egg on the flame.

To the edge I brink. Edge some more.

Scissor over. Over the world sinks a silver bubble, liquid web.

Behold: a shark and a shark's prick on the edge

of my skin wrap. End nugget.

Old skew. Other *said* in the bucket.

(Eat nothing but cats.)

I nest into a set of nests.

This room is factual. The cuts organic.

The blizzard real.

I black to the back of my learned
head, land at this hinge. From here

pour out into a hiding and honest there.

There were six, seven, or even eight
honest legs at a once.



In the sand I was swimming in my own
holy pocket.

I was a girl who had another girl
for when a girl ran out and then

{
I ran out of girls.
}

That time I got sick or my friend got sick
in a carnival green bug. First sheer

experiment with heat, some
sausage, and numbers.

The floor fell sunk and we were flecked
tight to the spun wall, our mouths
blue with effort.

How much heat buys. Let's tally.

Walls calling my names all day.

I mistook almonds for new-world
sugar. Uncupped rocks left in my
hand.

No tomb eats.

Pink belly sacrifice.

The rare invisible shark closes the continuous pool.

After the ocean tipped over I swam in the sand.

You or *Or You*.

Or wife: shred that too.

Cut out of the air a hair floats down and it is my own ungrowing

melting at the red edge line. According to the mirror

I hold instruments.

Q: What letter distance between *alice* and *alive*?

- a) what you used to drink
- b) 10 paces, turn and shoot
- c) it cost your toenails
- d) a

I lied ::: kept one girl for myself

We have no toenails

Under her

is a filmed survival of my erase

[I find another worm]

